

[SRP file copy]

11-25-1984
7:30 PM

DWP—

a 4 1/2-hour Sunday afternoon drive with WSP/HLRP has just ended. At the dinner table the subject was first brought up & I said I would not be able to go. Ten minutes later WSP asked again and I was trapped. I couldn't say no. SRP: "Do you think we'll be home by early evening?" WSP assured me that we would. HLRP & I did the dishes. WSP put gas in the car. I was amused by the fact that all three of us wore those nylon spring/fall jackets: WSP & SRP—green; HLRP—blue. I asked if we could stop at Eldale so that I could get my camera. WSP: "Next time." That made me mad, but I said nothing. WSP: "Where are we headed?" HLRP said nothing & I was "pouting". Finally I said: "Montrose," and away we went. ^{I drove him out, let go the power.} We went to Heart Lake and turned up the hill, in the direction of Norupkinville. Just as you get to the crest of the hill, there is a farm off to the left (not the farm more or less across from the gas station at the intersection). I remarked on how neat and clean the farm appeared and HLRP stated: "That's the Cure farm. Albert's 'fly-by-night' brother, Arthur, used to hang out there." I almost laughed out loud. There's one more for my list of family "rebels" thought I (see p. 2 of my letter to you of yesterday). On we went: an occasional deer, many beautiful farms, many beautiful early and mid-19th century houses. Bright sun. ^{I spotted} a flock of geese on a pond "somewhere." ^{turned around & went back and} We stopped and all had a look at them with the binoculars. WSP did a monologue almost the entire time we were in the car: pointing out varieties of trees & such. He and HLRP would occasionally have a discussion about "some golfer's fifth cousin who used to work for Charmin" or some

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equally vital matter. Trunkhammock. Wyalusing. Montrose. On U.S. Route 6, at the intersection of PA. Route 40, we stopped to read the "Camptown" historical marker: "Stephen Foster's well-known song, 'Camptown Races', was probably inspired by the horse races run from this village to Wyalusing. 'The Troop Waltz', Foster's first music, was completed during his residence in nearby Truanda and Athens in 1840-41." We inquired Camptown. I wanted to hear the Stephen Foster song. In Montrose. WSP: "There's where the Northern Electric used to run." HLRP: "Frank Davis used to live here. He was more or less Pop's age. I believe Frank Davis was the father of Muscel Davis." HLRP on the Montrose Courthouse: "It's very aristocratic as you look at it." In Fairdale (5 miles west of Montrose), HLRP remarked: "Do you suppose anybody over here has ever heard of Carbondale?" SRP: "Probably, but I don't suppose too many of the residents of Fairdale have ever been to Carbondale." I could see that HLRP was feeling a bit melancholy/overwhelmed by the imminence of the word — as you know, she tends to get melancholy at the setting of the sun. In Brooklyn, HLRP remarked: "Gert Jones was an egg man from out by you [SRP]. Gert Jones is the one we had when you and Don were born. At the time she lived in West Clifford. I remember that she was afraid to pick you [SRP] up because you were so fragile. She'd only pick up Don at first. She ought to see the size of you two now. I ran into her the last time I was at the Clifford Carnival, and that was a good many years ago."